

Halo: Reaching Out!

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Summary: Self-Insert as Noble-Six! What if Six had survived the onslaught of enemies and escaped? How would a chance meeting and discussion with a female Sangheili change the tide of the war? Read on to find out!

1. Chapter 1

****Hey everyone, sorry to say I'll be taking a short break from writing normal fanfiction stories in favour of giving self-inserts a try. And no I will not be abusing my power as the author to make myself overly-godlike, just felt like having a go at it for curiosity's sake. So I actually debated with myself for a while over this, wondering just which universe should I insert myself into. Definitely not Naruto or Bleach, those are way too overdone for my liking.****

****So I decided why not my all-time favourite game franchise, Halo! And since technically speaking, you are Noble Six in the game Halo: Reach. I have decided to insert myself as Six and see where my muse takes me from there~****

****Anyway onto the story!****

* * *

><p>Prologue: Spartans Never Die!</p>

The whine of the covenant's plasma fire echoed throughout my helmet, streaks of blue, green and purple crisscrossing my cracked visor. My Heads-Up-Display (HUD) already flickering as if it were going to fail any moment, I could taste the copper tang of my own blood on my lips. I sprinted around a corner and skidded to a halt to catch my breath, my Designated-Marksman-Rifle (DMR) clutched in my right hand.

I boosted the range of my sound detectors, trying to slow down my

pounding heart so I could make out the sounds. The sound of an armoured boot crushing the gravel under its foot, it was slowly coming closer every second. Pulling out a plasma grenade, I waited as the footsteps got closer.

'Closer... closer... wait for it...' I steelled myself as the mandibles of a covenant Elite rounded the corner, instantaneously I ignited the plasma grenade and side armed it as hard as I could. I could hear his warbled cry of surprise as the grenade adhered to his helmet, he stumbled backwards in panic and not two seconds later an explosion rang out.

Taking this as my chance, I sprinted out from behind my temporary cover with my rifle in one hand and standard issue UNSC pistol in the other. The explosion had taken out the Elite and a small group of Jackals that had been unfortunate enough to be standing behind him. As adrenaline pumped through my system, my brain worked on overtime as it processed all the viable threats in the immediate vicinity through my eyes.

'Three of those damned energy sword wielding Zealots... several platoons of Grunts and a handful of regular Elites and Jackals...' I thought as retreated into the building which housed the Mac Cannon, unloading a clip of my pistol into the closest Zealot. I cursed as the bullets ricocheted off his energy shields before the last one managed to pierce through the shielding and through its neck. It dropped its glowing plasma blade and fell to the floor clutching its throat, his fellows paying him no mind as they continued advancing towards me.

I dropped the empty pistol onto the ground, both hands holding my DMR steady as I opted to take out the Grunts first as I weaved my way back and forth to avoid the plasma fire. I managed to manoeuvre my way up the steps, dropping the spent magazine and slapping a fresh one in. Most of the Grunts lay dead with bullet holes puncturing their heads, leaving the two Zealots and the group of Jackals.

'Damn those handheld shields...' I cursed as the Jackals moved in front of the Zealots and overlapped their shields, grabbing my last frag grenade; I pulled the pin and chucked it at an upward angle. This seemed to amuse the covenant troops as they laughed in their odd way, I smirked behind my visor as I saw the grenade bounce off the wall and into their midst. The resulting explosion tore the Jackals apart and dimmed the shields on the Zealots, whom having discovered their protection detail were dead, decided to charge straight at me.

I quickly backed up as I fired round after round from my rifle, managing to knock down both their shields before my back slammed against the chassis of the Mac Cannon. Out of the corner of my eye, I spotted Emile's corpse still slouched against the railing that ringed the platform. The first Zealot raised its energy sword and brought it down towards my head, I rolled at the last second causing the plasma blade to slash into the giant cannon. I fired my remaining rounds into the wrist of the first Zealot as it tried to free its weapon, it howled in pain as the bullets tore through the muscles in its hand.

Throwing the rifle at the second Zealot that had started advancing on me, I crouched beside my fallen comrade and pulled his combat knife

from its housing.

"Sorry man, I'm going to be borrowing this for a while..." I whispered softly before jumping out of the way of an enraged swipe from the second Zealot, right into the grasp of the first Zealot. I struggled to break out of its hold as the other Zealot advanced on me menacingly; I waited until it raised its sword before initiating my armour lockdown mode. The overcharged shielding caused the first Zealot to lose its grip on me, the second Zealot was not expecting this causing it to trip over my form and plunge its energy sword into its partner.

Quickly breaking out of armour lock, I took the moment of surprise to leap onto the Zealots back and slit its throat using Emile's knife. Combat knife still clutched in hand, I slumped back down beside Emile as I eyed the two Zealots for a moment to make sure they were actually dead.

Minutes passed without either of them giving as much as a twitch, I let out a sigh before placing the knife back on Emile's lap and stood up. The adrenaline having worn off, I limped off the platform and back into the dusty open area. I found my eyes drawn to the sky, particularly to the spot where the Pillar of Autumn had flown off to.

"Looks like I'm on my own for now..." A dry laugh escaped my throat as I limped into one of the remaining bunkers that were still in one piece, the door sealing shut behind me. I hit a button on the nearby wall, illuminating the interior of the bunker with bright white light. With my visor damaged as it was, the automatic polarization failed to kick in and I was temporarily blinded by the sudden flash.

Eventually my vision returned back to normal, my eyes taking in the slate-grey titanium walls of the bunker before moving onto the small bathroom. My hands found their way to the lock securing my helmet in place as I stumbled over to the toilet, the slight hiss of escaping air accompanied the removal of my helmet. I turned it over in my hands, the once pristine black and red colour scheme defaced by plasma burns and scuff marks.

Unceremoniously dropping the headgear onto the floor, I turned on the tap and splashed the welcome cooling water onto my face and parched lips. Repeating the process a few times, I ran a hand through my short, wavy black hair as I looked at my reflection in the mirror. I barely recognised my own face at first glance, a nasty bruise forming slightly under my right eye at the location where the visor had cracked due to a rather vicious punch courtesy of an Elite.

Picking my helmet up off the ground, I made my way over to a communications unit situated in the far right corner of the bunker. Flicking the power switch on, I watched as it slowly booted up and a hiss of static filled the room. Resting my helmet on the wooden surface of the table, I slowly switched from frequency to frequency in hopes of receiving any kind of signal.

My hopes were in vain as each frequency I scrolled through resulted in the same hiss of static, even the emergency broadcast channel was devoid of chatter.

"Argh!" I slammed a gauntleted fist down onto the machine, smashing the delicate equipment into scrap metal in my frustration. Spinning on my heel, I strode over to the rifle rack and scanned through my available choices. I quickly holstered two Magnum pistols before grabbing a BR-55 rifle (Battle Rifle) and a shotgun for close-range fighting, slinging the shotgun over my shoulder; I performed a quick reboot of my damaged helmet.

'Looks like the aiming reticule is still working... as are the motion trackers. The health and bio-signs reading are gone; ammo counter is gone as well...' After a satisfactory run-through of all primary systems, I resealed my helmet in place before exiting the bunker. And was once again greeted by a desolate battlefield littered with the corpses of multiple Covenant soldiers and the still smouldering wreckage of a Wraith tank.

Hearing the sudden whine of an incoming Covenant dropship known as a Phantom, I quickly ducked back into the cover of the bunker and peeked through a narrow slit in the doorway. A few moments later and the familiar sleek purple hull of a Phantom dropship glided into view, I shouldered the rifle and activated the two-time scope.

The gravity lift hummed to life, dropping off a small contingent of Grunts along with a squad of Elites. I felt a breath catch in my throat when it deposited two armoured behemoths onto the field, a Hunter pair. Swinging my reticule across the field, I let it rest on the Elite in the shiny gold armour that designated it as the highest ranking bastard in the area. He clicked his mandibles and gestured for the group to spread out, I let out a small sigh when the Hunters lumbered off in another direction.

'Apparently they're combing the area for survivors; the question is why... the Covenant never seemed to care before, all they did was glass the entire planet over and moved on to the next... that means there is something important here...' I deduced in a matter of seconds, my mind trying and failing to think up something important enough for the alien invaders to deviate away from their usual pattern.

Giving a cautionary glance across the area, I quickly moved from cover to cover as I made my way closer to the dropship. I crouched under a small rock formation just a few metres away from the still active gravity lift, only a pair of Elites remained behind to guard it. I contemplated just shooting them but realised that would just bring back the other troops, so I opted for a more subtle approach. Looking around, I hefted a rather sizeable piece of rock and chucked it at a destroyed bunker.

The two guards started at the loud metallic clang and readied their plasma repeaters as they walked slowly over to the wreckage, as they were doing that, I sprinted from cover and into the gravity lift. A few seconds later and I landed safely in the interior of the alien craft, the troop bay was empty as I had predicted so I silently slid into the cockpit. A lone Elite pilot sat in the control chair and had yet to notice my presence, a brief glance over its shoulder caused me to grimace.

'Fuck... the controls look nothing like those on a human plane... looks like I have to wing it...' I sighed mentally before pressing the muzzle of my shotgun at the base of the alien's neck and cocked

it, smirking slightly as it seemed to shiver from either fear or the cold metal against its neck.

"Listen carefully... I want you to fly this ship out of here; it doesn't matter in which direction as long as it's away from here... got it?" I whispered harshly.

"Why should I listen to you demon... instead I should crash this ship right now and kill us both!" The Elite hissed in reply, the lighter pitch of its voice signified that it was female.

Deciding to take a leap of faith, "Well I could just blow your brains out now and fly this ship myself but I thought you would like the chance to continue leaving, not everyone is as barbaric as your race..."

A slight clenching of what appeared to be a flight yoke was all that betrayed her anger, "Barbaric? My race? You filthy humans are the ones that are barbaric; you wage war upon one another just for your own personal gain!"

My eyes widened in surprise at the statement and my grip on the shotgun slackened for a split-second, enough for her to spin around and knock it out of my grasp. I heard it clatter across the ground as I was hefted off the ground by a strong grip, my hand reached for my sidearm but she caught on and proceeded to strip me of my weapons. While a male Elite's hand might have been too bulky to use a human weapon, the female pilot showed no difficulty in commandeering my pistol.

"I thought your race... found it heresy... to use our technology..." I grunted out through her grip on my throat.

"The dumb male warriors of my race have succumbed too easily to the Prophet's ridiculous notions of the Forerunner's so-called 'Great Journey'. Seemingly forgetting of our past as a proud warrior race, where we fought with whatever was at our disposal for our own survival." She growled as she dropped me onto the deck, pistol still aimed at my head. My hands unconsciously moving to rub my neck as I calmly assessed my situation but I couldn't deny the burning curiosity inside me from her statement.

"You mentioned you were a warrior race... why is it that all the Sangheili I encountered on the battlefield were males?" I questioned whilst using their actual species name to show a little courtesy, watching as her face contorted into what was presumed to be a mask of disgust.

"Those thrice damned San 'Shyuum and their accursed way of thinking! They treat the females of their species with contempt and declared them merely child-bearers; a fraction of this stupidity seemed to have passed into our race... the majority of the males now treat the females with disrespect, giving us menial jobs such as being pilots and taking care of the household..." She tightened her grip on the pistol so much that I could see the metal deforming under her strength.

'Sheesh... Kat would have castrated me if I had thought that way... not to mention all the other female soldiers and Spartans...' I cringed at the thought before a crazy idea started forming in my

mind.

"Since you hate them so much... why don't you kick them off their throne?" I suggested with a smirk, not that she could see past my polarized visor. The female Elite seemed to pause at this, no doubt running those words through her brain a few times before laughing out right.

"Do you think it is that easy to defeat the Prophets? It is a foolish endeavour! Not only are they guarded by the strongest of my race, they also possess Forerunner technology beyond what you have seen so far! All traitors and rebels were killed on the spot; none of them stood a chance!" She spat in disgust.

Taking my chances, I stood back up with my palms held outwards to show that I meant her no harm. She eyed me wearily but made no move to attack me; I leaned against the purple wall behind me and crossed my armoured arms in front of my chest.

"Then why are you still standing there... shouldn't you have killed me already? Is that what an honourable warrior race does? Go around indiscriminately attacking and killing everything it comes across? Or is that what those so called Prophets reduced your proud race into?"

Her eyes seemed to widen slightly at this and her mandibles opened to respond but closed again as she appeared to be giving it some thought. After a moment, she crushed the pistol and tossed it to the side before sitting back down on the pilot seat.

"I'll take us to another location... we shall continue this discussion there without fear of interference by the _commander..._" She hissed in disdain. I removed my helmet and tucked it under my arm as I walked up beside her, she seemed to spare me a glance and a look of surprise crossed her face.

"You are... human?" She seemed genuinely surprised at the revelation of what lay under the ominous MJOLNIR armour and strangely I did not blame her.

"Yes... we 'demons' are humans too. However we have been trained since a young age to be the best of the best, the protectors of our fellow kind..." I replied as memories of my early childhood training came back, I was broken out of my thoughts by a strange sound. 'Did she just... laugh?'

"Raised to be warriors since young... it seems you 'demons' have very much in common with us Sangheili." She said as she steered the Phantom expertly through a hail of fuel-rod blasts courtesy of the Hunter pair when the commander had noticed their ship flying off. "Tell me what was it that the humans named your kind?"

"Spartans..." I exhaled as I settled my bulky suit into the co-pilot's seat, barely managing to squeeze in. "We are Spartans..."

* * *

><p>Well that is the first chapter of my first ever self-insert done with! So what did you guys think off it? Good? Bad?

Terrible beyond imagine? Let me know in a review!

****Since this is more of a side-project, it will only be updated when I feel like it~ Chapters of all my other stories are actually in the works already but college projects have been keeping me pinned so don't expect too many updates until at least 2 weeks later! After that my holiday starts! *cheers*****

****So please review! Ja ne!****

2. Chapter 2

****Disclaimer: I do not own Halo even though I really wish I did...****

****Well I was suddenly attracted to writing this story again so... well here I am! Are you people psychic or something...? I don't think I ever told anyone that this was going to be a Human/Fem!Sangheili story... seriously was it that obvious or something?*****

****Aspergian Mind: I wrote that he noticed the Sangheili had a lighter tone to its voice, thus letting him know that it was female. And he knows that because common sense says that years of fighting Elites with deep voices and you come across one with a higher pitched voice means that it is female. And no, I did not put their names yet, they haven't even introduced themselves to each other so why would they have names?*****

****And so on with the story!****

*** * ***

><p>Chapter 1: An unlikely ally

Emile fighting off two Elite zealots alone on the Magnetic Accelerator Cannon platform before finally falling but taking them both with him, his body slumped against the metal railing.

Jorge placing his dog tag in my hand and hefting me up, his visor depolarized and allowed me to see him mouthing his parting words as he tossed me out of the Covenant ship's airlock just before the bomb exploded.

Carter flying the damaged Pelican and slamming it directly into the Scarab's flank thus sacrificing him, giving me and Emile the chance to continue on undetected.

Kat covering the team's rear as we sprinted for the elevator, her piercing scream across the team frequency as a lucky needle round found its way through her armour and into her neck.

Jun waving to the team as he sailed off on a different Pelican to guard Doctor Catherine Halsey from further attacks, we never found out what happened to him...

My eyes flew wide open as I gasped for breath, my arms already up in front of me in a guard position due to all the training and fighting I have went through. Slowing my breathing down, I looked around to see that I was still in the co-pilot's seat and the female Sangheili

was looking at me.

"Bad dreams... nightmares? That is the human word for it yes? They plague your sleep?" She asked with a curious tone.

"...yeah. I was dreaming of my team..." I replied, trying to remain civil. She seemed to nod at this as she turned her head back to look out the view screen, the craft was still airborne.

"I too have lost comrades close to me... Jorge... Kat... you mutter their names in your sleep. I assume they were part of your team?" She asked another question without looking away from her duties this time.

I looked down at my empty gloved hands that lay on my lap, "Yeah... they were."

"I see... so you too have a... name?"

"Yes... all humans are given a name at birth. Sometimes names have certain meanings to them or a feeling, my name meant 'brave protector'... yet I couldn't protect anyone." I spat bitterly as I clenched my fists and slammed them against my armoured thigh.

The pilot didn't seem to be fazed as she pondered this recent revelation, "That too is similar to Sangheili culture; our names hold a deep meaning as well. My name is Rha' Mantakrea, it means Moonlight Huntress..."

"That's a beautiful name..." I commented absentmindedly.

"How about yours? What is your name?" She shifted in her seat slightly, suddenly uncomfortable due to the offhanded comment.

"Alexander... but everyone just calls me Alex for short." I replied with a small smile as I remembered my old squad before Noble Team.

"A-lex..." Rha tested the name out on her tongue, repeating it a few times to get it right.

"So Rha... why are you so curious about all these things?" I looked at her as she seemed to exude an aura of bashfulness.

"Ah in addition to being a warrior, I was also a scientist of sorts before joining the Covenant... I loved to examine and study new life forms, which was why I didn't oppose joining the Covenant in the first place... since you're the first human I could talk to, I was curious about your species and cultures." She answered truthfully.

"That makes sense. So you actually joined the Covenant at first to see if you could study the new species that joined the group but instead found yourself forced to do menial labour... I can't believe with this kind of treatment there wasn't an uprising of some sort!" I exclaimed with narrowed eyes.

"No uprising? Surely you jest! There were tons of uprisings and coups, some small and some large. Many groups and species wanting

more rights and such, they rose up and protested... but ultimately were put down and thousands killed in the process. That is why we don't dare to stand up... the combined might of the Covenant is too much." Rha growled lowly as she flexed her hand as if imagining crushing her leader's throat.

"Maybe by yourself no... But with more people..." I suggested.

"Ha! Where would we acquire this 'people' from? Everyone within the Covenant is too afraid of the Prophets to fight back..." She scoffed as she steered the Phantom around and lowered it down before nudging it forward slightly, letting it settle in a cave. "We should be safe here; they won't bombard this area as I have been informed of their orbital strike plans..."

"Don't you have a home planet? Isn't there anymore Sangheili there?" I questioned as he eyes suddenly lit up.

"That's it! The Covenant Colony of Joyous Exultation in the Salia System! The world where it is rumoured that Imperial Admiral Xytan' Jar Wattinree fled to after his banishment, taking along nearly half of the Sangheili forces! If we could make it there and convince them... we might actually have a chance!" Rha proclaimed excitedly as she threw a fist up in the air causing me to burst out laughing at the scene. Finally realising what she had done, she quickly pulled her fist back and was probably blushing under her helmet.

"S-shut up!" She growled as my laughter failed to cease, instead doubling over harder at the attempt to be intimidating. Maybe it was just the relief of danger passed but I have never laughed so hard in a long time, though Rha didn't seem to understand that as she growled once again and jumped at me.

"Gah!" I exclaimed in surprise as she landed on me, our combined weight causing the chair to break. We tumbled on the floor as we tried to pin each other, with me laughing and her still trying to get me to shut up.

Eventually exhaustion settled in and I landed on my back as she sat on top of me with a triumphant grin, though I could clearly see that she was panting slightly as well. I watched transfixed as he clawed hand reached up and slowly pulled off her helmet, revealing a dark olive coloured skin beneath. What really caught my attention were the bright emerald eyes that just seemed to stare right into my soul, her mandibles opening and closing slightly as she breathed.

'I wonder what it would be like to kiss her...' I thought briefly before slapping myself mentally. 'What the hell am I thinking... must be the lack of sleep... yeah that's it...'

The feeling of someone ruffling my hair knocked me out of my thoughts; I refocused to see that Rha was running a hand through my short black hair.

"What is this fur-like substance on your head?" Rha asked with a look of genuine curiosity on her face.

"That's hair; humans have hair on top of their heads..." I explained, suddenly feeling as if I was teaching a small child.

"What's the purpose of this... hair?"

"Well uh... I'm not exactly sure... all I know is that humans are born with it." I replied awkwardly due to the fact that she was still straddling me unknowingly.

"Interesting..." Rha muttered as she stood back up and dusted her armour off before offering me a hand up. I grasped her outstretched arm and she yanked me back onto my feet. "As I was saying, if we could make it to Joyous Exaltation then we might have a chance... the question is how are we going to get there?"

"We need to somehow acquire a ship with the ability to traverse slipspace and the only ones that I know of are the battleships that need to be crewed by way more people than we currently have with us..." I said as we exited the Phantom through its compartment hatches and walked out of the cave.

I recognised the area immediately as the Office of Naval Intelligence's CASTLE base, a smirk soon made its way onto my face as my eyes landed on a runway.

"We might be able to get a ship after all... that building over there is a docking area for smaller ships. Our base here relies on food grown on other planets, shipped here by small slipspace-capable freighters that were mostly crewed by one captain. If we can sneak into the docking bay, we might be able to find one of those freighters." I told my alien companion as I passed her the BR55 Battle Rifle. "You know how to use this. Squeeze and hold down the trigger, it fires three-round bursts and there's a two-times optical zoom scope mounted on the rail."

"Understood, now let's go get that ship." Rha growled.

I gripped the shotgun tightly as we sprinted across the open terrain before making it into an administrative building, the initial lobby area was clear of hostiles so we proceeded to the next area. We found that the room connecting the docking bay and the lobby was guarded by a squad of Jackals and Grunts; luckily they seemed to be lazing around instead of doing their job.

Making sure that my helmet was firmly locked in place, I dashed out causing the occupants of the room to jump in shock as a quick blast from my shotgun sent the lead Jackal flying across the room. Rha covered me with quick and precise bursts from her rifle, nailing the Grunts in the skulls before they could even draw their weapons.

A couple more seconds and the room was a mess of purple and neon-blue blood, with broken and bullet-ridden corpses littering the floor. I slid a couple more shells into the shotgun as Rha switched magazines; I edged around the corner carefully and was relieved to find the docking bay unoccupied.

"Looks like we've got a clear route out of here..." I grinned as we ran towards one of the abandoned freighters, my armoured boots pounding on the solid cement floor.

As I reached the freighter, a bulky shadow launched itself out of the shadows and slammed into my side. The momentum sent me and the unknown attacker skidding across the ground, my vision cleared to

reveal a strange gorilla-like being crouched over me.

"Jiralhanae!" Rha snarled in disgust. The Jiralhanae moved swiftly for something so bulky and smacked my shotgun away before slamming an overhead double hammer-fist onto my helmet; the shield flared silver but held. I delivered a swift jab right into the primate-alien's face, smirking in satisfaction as it howled in pain and spat out a wad of blood plus a few broken teeth.

The distraction was enough for several bursts from the battle rifle that tore through the creature's skull, spraying my shields with blood and pieces of brain. A quick pulse of my shield system was enough to repel the gore from my suit; I quickly scooped up my shotgun and scanned the area with both my eyes and motion tracker.

"There seem to be several others hiding in the shadows... they are probably waiting for the opportune moment to ambush us." I whispered as I walked up to the female Sangheili.

"Do you have their positions?" She asked as she casually ejected the spent clip before slapping a fresh one in.

"Three of them are hiding in the shadows of the freighter; the last two are guarding the rear entrance to this place. So it would be wise to deal with the trio as soon as possible then concentrate on taking down the two further ones." I kept my shotgun ready by my side in preparation.

"Agreed, so how are we going to approach them?" Rha asked causing a smirk to appear on my face.

"Like this..." I charged straight at the freighter, my hand pulling the pin on one of my fragmentation grenades and tossed it into the shadows. Barely a second later and the three gorilla-like aliens jumped out from their cover as the grenade detonated, the resulting explosion disorientated them slightly which was all I needed.

Charging straight up to closest target, I jammed the muzzle of my shotgun directly under its chin and pulled the trigger. With the point-black range of the shot, the alien-gorilla's head was blown clean open and showered the vicinity in blood as the corpse crumpled onto the ground.

A battle cry echoed throughout the hanger as the other two Jiralhanae recovered and rushed forward in a bid to overpower me, out of the corner of my visor I also noticed the two rear guards drawing their weapons. Pushing that concern out of my mind for the moment, I concentrated fully on the threat of two large furry beasts barrelling right towards me.

Rha opened fire with the rifle, three round bursts accurately finding their target but the thing just seemed to shrug off the damage as it continued its charge. Deciding not to get double-teamed, I ran straight for the one that was being shot at and dropped into a skid at the last second. Effectively sailing between the primate's legs, I cocked the shotgun and fired into its back causing it to stumble forward where a lucky burst caught him in the eye.

It let out an animalistic howl of pain with hands held up to its face, his partner had changed directions and opted to take out the female Sangheili first. Quickly disposing of the downed enemy with a shotgun blast to the back of the head, I looked up to see my newest acquaintance get shoulder-tackled onto the ground.

"Get off me you smelly ape!" Rha snarled as she rolled with the blow and pulled both legs up to her chest and kicked the offending alien off her. She got back on her feet at the same time as her opponent only for boiling red-hot plasma to splatter the area around them.

'Those look like... plasma rifles?' I thought in confusion at the oddly familiar weapons that the two rear guards were brandishing. With the only exception being the colour difference, its usual blue was now a bright red though I wondered if there were any damage changes.

Not willing to risk anything, I rolled behind a large container for cover before lobbing a frag grenade into their midst. A brief lapse in fire told me that they had dived away from the primed explosive; I dashed forward just as it exploded and headed for the recovering duo. I pumped my shotgun continuously as I unloaded shell after shell into their thick hide, pulling the trigger again resulted in a 'chink' sound and my HUD (Heads-Up-Display) warning me that I had run out of ammunition for my weapon.

Discarding the spent weapon to the floor, I drew my side-arm and resumed firing at the resilient creature's head in hopes of killing it. Just as the last round connected, the Jiralhanae finally dropped dead as I ejected the spent magazine and slammed a fresh one in. Unfortunately my lax attitude resulted in several blobs of red plasma splashing against my armour's shielding, the silver film gleamed for a moment but still held strong.

"Well that answers my question about power differences..." I muttered as they did not seem to be any different in terms of firepower than the usual blue-coloured plasma rifles.

Bringing my pistol arm around, a fast barrage of small calibre rounds found their way into the surprised target's face. Proving its durability once again, it spat out a mouthful of blood and broken fangs before tossing the weapon aside and charging me. Having not enough time to reach for a new clip, I holstered my pistol and slid into a rough Muay Thai stance that I had been taught during my training.

Crouching slightly with both arms held firmly in front of my face in a boxer's guard, shifting my stance wider for a more stable support as the brutish alien slammed into me. The blow knocked me back slightly but I recovered instantly and delivered a powerful right hook into its face, it was like punching a brick wall. Momentarily stunned by the punch, it stumbled backwards which gave me the opening I needed.

Looping my arms around the back of its muscled neck, I pulled its head downwards at the same time kicking off with my right leg and slamming the armoured knee into its face. The familiar sound of the nose cartilage breaking was accompanied by the dull thump of its lifeless body hitting the ground, having been killed by the cartilage

fragments being driven into its brain.

I turned around whilst reloading my pistol just in time to see Rha knock the last remaining Jiralhanae off its feet and plunge her energy sword into its chest. She spat on the corpse before dissipating her plasma blade and slotting it back into a holder on her thigh armour.

"I thought only Zealots carried energy swords?" I asked as I approached her.

"All Sangheili always carry around an energy sword, regardless of rank or class. It is an ancient tradition passed down by our ancestors and we are honour bound to keep it, losing your sword is equivalent to losing your honour. And honour is a very important part of Sangheili culture." Rha explained as we walked towards the freighter once again.

Nodding once to show my understanding, I ran up the ramp and made my way to the pilot's seat. Slumping down on the black leather chair, my hands flew across the controls and status boards as I ran the usual pre-flight checks.

"Fuel tank status full. Shaw-Fujikawa Translight Engine fully charged... hull integrity at a hundred percent. No weapons on this crate huh... shields running at a hundred percent as well. Alright we're set for launch!" I called out, prompting Rha to walk up behind me.

"Can you bring up this ship's navigational computer?" She asked.

"Yeah give me a sec..." I keyed in a few commands and the hologram pedestal on my right shimmered to life, projecting an interactive star chart.

Pulling off my helmet and resting it on my lap, I ran a hand through my sweaty black hair as I watched her mumble to herself and scroll through the systems.

"Here..." A clawed finger pointed at a large planet that resembled Earth except having the oceans and landmasses inverted. "This is the planet where Imperial Admiral Xytan took refuge in with half the Sangheili army after he was betrayed by the Prophets..."

Plotting the course onto the navigational computer, I frowned as it computed the shortest route and distance.

"The shortest route would still take at least a week straight in Slipspace before we reach the planet... I don't think we have enough supplies for a trip that long." I turned my chair around and looked at her.

"This ship... does it not carry food products to this planet?" Rha asked in confusion.

"Yes it does. However the cargo has already been shipped out long ago, so all we have is an empty cargo bay... not to mention that this tub has no weapons. And our own weapons are nearly depleted of ammunition already..." I cursed when I noticed the only remaining

frag grenade on my belt and one more pistol magazine in my pouch.

"You speak the truth... is there a populated world along our jump course that we could dock at to acquire our supplies?"

Keying in the specifications into the computer once more, several names popped up on the list immediately. A quick scan through the list informed me of only one possible location.

"Most of these planets are too far except one... the pirate port world Tortuga. An entire planet inhabited by outlaws, mercenaries and the lowest scum of the galaxies..." I told her, only to receive a grin in response.

"Perfect... plot the course for Tortuga!" She announced.

Shrugging in indifference, I keyed in the coordinates into the computer. The engines roared to life as I guided the small inconspicuous freighter out of the hanger. Making sure the skies were devoid of enemy aircraft, I gunned the engines and made a quick dash for the stratosphere.

"Alex... we have a problem..." I heard her call over my shoulder. "The radar is showing several seraph fighters breaking off from their patrol formation and heading straight for us!"

"We can't fight them... so we just have to outrun them!" I shouted back.

Pushing the freighter to its limits, I could hear the straining sounds of the hull as it tried to hold together from the sudden acceleration. A loud blaring siren sounded throughout the cockpit, the ship's computer informed me that enemy craft had locked onto the ship.

"Hold on!"

"To what?"

I yanked the control stick to the right, sending the freighter into a sharp barrel roll to avoid the incoming plasma fire. I ignored the cursing of the female Sangheili behind me as she was sent crashing around; apparently she did not like being ignored.

"Get out of the seat you lunatic!" Rha snapped as she tossed me out of the captain's chair and took matters into her own hands.

I watched in awe as she expertly handled the freighter as if it was a Longsword fighter, juking and spinning gracefully to evade the plasma cannons of the Seraphs. Retrieving my fallen helmet, I dropped into the co-pilot's seat and brought the controls online with a wave.

"Come on... there's got to be something..." I scrolled through the ship's inventory before suddenly pausing and a huge grin lit up my face.

While freighters did not come equipped with any form of weaponry, some pilots tended to be on the more careful side and illegally

installed hidden turrets on their ships. Which just so happened that this ship was one of them; I jammed my helmet over my head and dashed out of the cockpit.

Skidding into the recreation area, my eyes looked around before finally resting on a normal looking maintenance hatch. Removing the panel, it showed an ascending ladder instead of the expected maintenance tunnels. I scaled the ladder quickly and found myself in the control centre for the turret system.

"Let's see what this thing can do..." I flicked the power supply on and hopped into the gunner's chair.

I plugged the video feed directly into an interface port on my armour, allowing me to use my HUD as the aiming system. Grabbing the two fire control yokes, I targeted the teardrop-shaped fighters and depressed the triggers. I watched through the video feed as fifty calibre cannon rounds tore apart the space fighter's shielding and riddled it full of holes before dropping out of the sky trailing fire.

"I don't know what you did but keep doing it!" I heard Rha's voice shouted over the ship's intercom.

Targeting the next fighter, I let go another barrage of cannon rounds and watched in satisfaction as the target turned into a small sun. The remainder of the Seraphs were dealt with in a similar manner until the area was clear; I unhooked myself from the targeting system and slid down the ladder. I made my way back into the cockpit in time to see a slipspace portal rip open in front of the ship and suck us in.

"That was close..." I sighed in relief as I slumped down in the co-pilot's seat again. She offered a grunt of agreement as she released the steering yoke from her grasp. "...why did you want to head for Tortuga again?"

I swore that she was smirking as she replied, "Let's just say... for a long overdue reunion..."

* * *

><p>And that's that for this chapter! Yes I stole the planet's name from Pirates of the Caribbean, sue me! The idea suddenly came to me and things just started falling into place...

So I have a couple of questions I want you readers to answer in your review...

How was the chapter and story so far?

How was the interaction between Alex and Rha?

Should I have more people join the crew or leave it as Alex and Rha?

If yes to the above, should I include characters from Star Wars or Mass Effect universe into this?

****Do you want Alex and Rha to follow the Chief's storyline or a completely original one?****

****Please review an answer~****

****Ja ne~****

End
file.